

## Lowrider

## Cypress Hill

Aww, comin through fo' real we Cypress Hill, ohh baby  
Got that crunk, for yo' trunk, goin gangsta crazy  
We some real life hustlers, playin games in the street  
We got that low-ri-der, scrapin dippin on three (low-ri-der)  
So pop your collar, give a holla, throw yo' dubs in the air  
We tear the roof, off the mother, lady let down yo' hair  
Playa do that thang, that make you feel alright (low-ri-der)  
Smoke that tree, crack that brew, we gettin freaky tonight

Now when people are done, bumpin they head to this  
You wonder why you wanted anything instead of this  
We been makin you bounce, for many years already  
Rock steady and cut, many niggaz to confetti  
But I just want to blaze it up; whether it's the mic or a spliff  
Yes my gift is to amaze you all  
Thought I couldn't come for ten my friend, but guess what?  
I slay niggaz and still savin my best nut (low-ri-der)  
But you better cover your eyes, cause you never know when  
I spit it out and start some flowin  
I drop rhymes that grow like trees you're smokin  
Ear drums feel like lungs, your brain's chokin  
Just let it soak in, seep in, creep in  
I'm keepin, all you motherfuckers in the deep end (low-ri-der)  
You wanna trip? Then I got luggage  
I stuff you in and send you off, cause you ain't rugged

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Cause, we're Cypress Hill, come on and ride with us  
Just get inside, we bouncin dippin, chop it up real tough  
Lean to the side, pimp yo' hat, tilt yo' seat on back  
Don't front on me, baby boy, and break bread with the sack (low-ri-der)

I be the vato with the fine hoodrat in the ranfla  
Always roll deep on the streets like the mafia  
Pleito, just might come back and haunt ya  
Flossin too much, no vato's gonna want ya  
Not right here homes, we're past all of that  
Makin that ferria, spittin that raps  
Ya me conoces, I'm down for my calle  
Cypress Ave, y a pudo les madre (low-ri-der)  
Ya tu sabes, we don't play that shit  
Any pendejo's gettin hit up quick  
Whassup ese? What hood you claim?  
Now throw it up and down like it ain't no thang (low-ri-der)  
Hands in the air with the pinky rings  
Soul Assassins, runnin everything  
To all you vatos, make sure you check this  
In every barrio, I'm well respected (low-ri-der)